2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-8) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

we were able to leave the photo for her at No. 8. It was a constantly renewed pleasure to find how our photographs were welcomed and a constantly renewed surprise that these illiterate people, who had never seen a picture in their lives, were able at once to recognize and name the tiny reproductions of themselves. This was the one point in favour of my quarter-plate camera that it yielded larger prints than David's smaller ones. Only one woman in all our experience refused to take any interest in photographs, and that was, oddly enough, my special friend Bibi Gímo, of No. 1. "Take it away; I can't understand it," she would say to the others eagerly crowding round to see the latest of grandfather or baby Faqér. Quite possibly, unsuspected by herself, her eyesight was below par. But for the most part quite old people like the various grandfathers seemed as sharp-sighted as ever. On one occasion a man was studying a group of field-builders, the figures in which were very small, and he mis-identified himself: "Hullo, that's me all right, but *where* is my moustache?" He looked again more carefully, and found himself, moustache and all.

It was no negligible tax on our time to make spare prints for everyone, but we felt it was one small return we could make—without corrupting our friends—for the unstinted kindness we met on every hand.

We visited all the mills within range, studying them critically with future photographs in mind, for they were dark little hovels without smoke-holes, and lit only by the door and a small gap, representing one missing stone in the wall opposite, and we had to make elaborate calculations as to the aspect of doors and light-holes and sun and times of day to decide which offered the best hope of an interior photograph (we had unfortunately brought no flashlight apparatus with us).

When the water was not "on" we made an effort to master their complicatedly simple mechanism. The water is led from some height by a wooden shoot consisting of a hollowed-out log and falls on to the wings of a rude "wheel" below the floor. The central hub is a rough sphere or cylinder hacked out of a root or tree trunk in which the "wings," eight or ten of them, are obliquely set. The axis of this wheel passes up